

The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awake you not with this fore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what (courage for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanished: then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not belecue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Broken burie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the nooneride night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feeble a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

of R

There's nothing differs but

The m

In Gods name what are you

Exe. I would speake wite

Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft

2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better be
Shew him our commission

Bro. I am in this comma

The noble Duke of Claren

I will not reason what is me

Because I will be guiltlesse o

Heere are the keyes, there si

lle to his Maiestie and certi

That thus I haue resignd m

Exe. Do so, it is a poynt

2. What shall we stab him

1. No, then he will say t

When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall neuer w

1. Why then he will say

2. The vrging of that wo

A kinde of remorse in me.

1. What, art thou a frai

2. Not to kill him hauing

For killing him, from whic

1. Backe to the Duke of

2. I pray thee stay a whi

Change, twas wont to hold

1. How dost thou fee

2. Faith some certaine d

1. Remember our rewar

2. Zounds he dies, I ha

1. Where is thy conscie

2. In the Duke of Gloste

1. So when he opens his

Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's fewe

1. How if it come to th